lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads maken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liuerpes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossming Buds.
Youthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies sitte,
But we twayn bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I w
To helpen the Ladyes their May
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on ed
How great sport they gapnen with

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those kaytours little regarden th
While they letting their sheepe r
Passen their time, that should be
In lustihede and wanton merymen
Thilke same bene shepeheards for
That playen, while their flockes b
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene
That letten them runne at random
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as the
What fallen the flocke, so they han
And get all the gayne, paying but
I muse, what account both these w
The one for the hire, which he dot
And thother for leauing his Lords
When gread *Pan* account of shepe

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest o
All for thou lackest somedele their
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fondly pi
And yet if neede were, pitied woul
Rather, then other should scorne a
For pitied is milhappe, that nas
But scorned bene dedes of fond fo
What shoulden shepheards other
Then sith their God his good does
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is
The while they here liuen, at ease
For when they bene dead, their go

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